8 Grosvenor-road West,
Rathgar Dublin
Aug 17th 1872

Dear Miss Weston

Your letter of the
14th to my father arrived this
morning. This day last month we
laid him in his last earthly resting-
place. Had my brother and I known
your address & that of Miss Langel
we should have sent you memorial
cards at the time
You are doubtless aware that my
father had been in a very poor state
of health for several months. When
I arrived from California about four
months ago he was much better than
he had been earlier in the spring
and was able to write and read and
converse and enjoy being read to, and
was able to walk about the house
and up and down stairs. He was
not able to walk out and used to take
carriage drives three times a week, which

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he seemed to enjoy. Towards the latter part of May he began to decline very visibly; his appetite began to fail and he found that driving out even in the easiest vehicle fatigued more than it refreshed him. He had to give up going up and down stairs and we got a chair in which to carry him into the garden where when the weather was fine he used to lie by the hour under a tent, being read to or receiving the visits of his friends. He got up less and less and after the 1st of July he was confined almost entirely to his room and required constant attendance. He refused nourishment almost entirely and became anxious to go, although previously he had regarded the idea of death with shrinking. He did not suffer much if any pain but was very weak and weary. He was conscious and took an affectionate leave of his family on the evening of Saturday

July 13th and then passed off quietly into a state of unconsciousness in which he continued till 2 o'clock next morning when he passed away without a struggle.

It was at least a week since we received letters from friends across the Atlantic in reply to our announcement and it is more than probable that you will have received the news before this reaches you

My sister is pretty well. She goes next month to the continent with some friends — Belgium and up the Rhine — and will probably winter in Italy.

My brother is now on his voyage with his wife across the Atlantic for his first visit to the States. He had long wished to see Niagara and our fathers anti slavery circle of friends there. He expects to return by the end of October

My father was in his 68th year

about two months younger than Wm Lloyd Garrison. The doctors seem to have no doubt that the injury he met with on Lake Superior four years ago was the hastened his death. The heart was certainly not the seat of the disease though he thought so himself and the doctors said so at one time

Yours respectfully
Richard Webb

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